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EDUCATION — EMANCIPATION — ORGANIZATION

United by INDUSTRY Your BOSS Fears You

# Industrial Worker

"AN INJURY TO ONE IS AN INJURY TO ALL"

VOL. 1—No. 12. One Dollar a Year SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1916. Six Months 50c Whole Number 12

# CONFERENCE OF LUMBERWORKERS, SEATTLE, JULY 3!

## Promises to be Greatest Get-Together Meeting in History of Lumber Industry on Pacific Coast; All Camp and Mill Workers Urged to Attend.




## ORGANIZE —— WE CAN DO THIS!

On July 3, at 10 a. m., in the I. W. W. Hall, 208 Second Ave. So., Seattle, Wash., the workers of the woods and mills will start to write the history of a new era in the lumber industry.

The Lumber Workers Organization calls upon you loggers, mill-men, shingle-weavers, cooks, waiters and all workers in and around the camps and mills, to make every effort to attend the *monster mass convention* to be held on the above date.

The demand for lumberworkers is increasing, while the supply of available men is about to run short. This condition spells *OPPORTUNITY* to you toilers if you but *join your forces in the "One Big Union"* of industrially organized lumber workers on the Pacific Coast. By united effort and solidarity of purpose you can *take advantage of the present situation* and gain for yourselves that prosperity which always heretofore has fallen to the lot of the non-productive employing class.

It is with a view toward the waging of a *vigorous and aggressive campaign of organization in the lumber industry* that this convention has been called. Every additional worker who hears and heeds this call will prove a source of strength and inspiration to the organizers and camp delegates to be sent into the field.

Discussion of ways and means to *make the lives of lumber-workers worth living* will be the order of the day. *Can you afford to stay away?*

If *shorter hours* mean anything to you—*attend this convention.*

If *higher wages* mean anything to you—*attend this convention.*

If *security of position, freedom from petty persecution,* and *a measure of industrial control* mean anything to you—*attend this convention.*

Remember your past slavery. Embrace your present opportunity. Protect your future interests.

Do not forget the *date—JULY 3rd*—the *time—10 A. M.*—the *place—I. W. W. Hall,* 208 *Second Ave., So., Seattle, Wash.*

## WHY YOU SHOULD ATTEND CONFERENCE

By EARL OSBORNE.

The loggers holiday, one of the two times in the year, when the workers in the lumber industry leave the job and are not driven out by bad conditions, is drawing close. As the time draws near, we take stock of what we have accomplished in the first half of the year, 1916.

What have we done to better our working and living conditions? The industry has been busier than any time for the last several years; the bosses have made a nice little profit from the labor of the hundreds of lumberworkers who have produced one of the necessities of society. The wages have been raised a little, to be sure; but, just stop for a minute and consider what we could have had, had we been organized in an organization that could have stoped the industry, for just a few days. Every lumberjack knows that, had the lumber workers of the northwest made a united effort this spring, they could have had the eight-hour day, with the wages at least 50 cents higher than at present.

Now, the proposition is up to the lumber workers, there will be no excuse. A bunch of rebel lumberjacks decided to call a convention of lumber workers in the I. W. W. Hall, in Seattle, July 3rd. They have invited all men working in and around the industry to attend. Already several hundred have signified their intention of attending this conference. Any lumberjack who is not present at this meeting is saying one of two [illegible] doesn't want better conditions, or, he hasn't the guts to fight for them. This convention will discuss the needs of the industry, and ways and means of organizing. They will also launch a campaign of organization. Are you going to help, or are you going still to remain in the ranks of the doubtful. Remember all who do not, at this time, stand on the side of the worker, are standing on the side of the boss.

This is a fight to the finish, there is no middle ground, so get busy; don't think someone is going to do your share, everyone of us has a part to play.

Don't forget the date: July 3rd, at the I. W. W. Hall, 10:00 a. m.

### WHY BOILING?

"The new minister called upon the factory superintendent today."

"How'd he come out?"

"Boiling. The superintendent thought he was a man looking for a job and told him he would give him a job in spite of his looks, if he could furnish first-class references and give a bond."—Houston Post.

* * *

If labor is holy and preachers are holy why not a "Holiness Meeting" of the two?

When a man can't get an idea in his head he is apt to get it in the neck.—James Rowan.

## BOSSES' INTRIGUE IN I. L. A. STRIKE

The International Longshoremen's Union which was out on strike three weeks ago; went back under a temporary agreement, made by the bosses in order to give them time to recruit an army of scabs, for the struggle with the union.

In San Francisco some of the bosses refused to disband their scabs and the I. L. A. went out a few days ago in all coast ports. The strike was ordered by the executive committee.

On every job on the Coast, with the exception of a few in San Francisco, the employers were, for the time being, paying the union scale. This would look as if the executive board had at last grasped a glimpse of a small form of solidarity.

At present, in Seattle and other ports, we have a curious condition. In all Pacific Coast ports the majority of the employers refuse to meet the demands of the strikers, and the same executive board, which called them out, on account of an unfair job in San Francisco, is ordering them back to such employers as pay the scale. The employers could not, for the time being, get scabs enough to break the strikers with all longshoremen out, and some of the bosses have withdrawn from the Employers' Association in Seattle and other ports, and are offering to pay the scale, thus getting greater efficiency in breaking the strike.

Despite the orders of the executive board, over 50 per cent. of the workers in the I. L. A., see that going back to a few employers means ultimately an open shop on the entire coast. They point to the fact that, in Seattle for example, they were all getting the union scale and to go back, when but a few employers are willing to grant their demands, is to help the bosses defeat the I. L. A. On the jobs declared fair, the majority of the men refuse to work, despite the actions of the executive board. The union members are fighting one against the other on this issue.

Frank Waterhouse, Pier 1, the Port Commission and others, are fair in Seattle according to the executive board. The Milwaukee is also willing to meet the uniion scale in Seattle, but it wants to work scabs in Tacoma.

The I. L. A. refuses to work for the Washington Stevedoring Company or any employer connected with the Employers' Association. There is in view of the fact that a scarcity of scabs is being felt a suspicious movement of employers from the Employers' Association, at least long enough to divide the workers and by having the I. L. A. as a union, neither on strike or working, to defeat the union, while gaining a respite to recruit scabs. They are using the I. L. A. to defeat the I. L. A.

Frank Waterhouse & Company belonged both to the Employers' Association and was half owner in the Washington Stevedoring Company, but have on the surface, withdrawn from both. They have to hear them tell it deserted their union and are willing to fall on the necks of the I. L. A. members—long enough to strangle them.

The friendliness of some of the bosses to the I. L. A., while employing scabs, to the wise members of that union suggests itself as part of a well-thought-out plot to divide the union, in order to defeat it. The executive committee of the I. L. A. is playing into the hands of the bosses conciously or unconciously.

The members of the teamsters union are handling the goods from the scabs, but here also, there is an indication of growing revolt against the type of unionism that forces them to do this kind of thing. The teamsters are many of them advocating going out in sympathy with the longshoremen, in spite of all contracts.

The entire condition here merely prove that the workers are waking up and will not much longer allow themselves to be shackled by time contracts or sold by leaders. As the results of being knocked on the head by an antequated form of organization, they are learning that "an injury to one is an injury to all." They will either have to fight altogether or be defeated in detail. Half of the members of the I. L. A. refusing to work on the jobs declared fair by their executive committee is indication they will learn to fight the solidarity way—the winning I. W. W. way.

Truth is harmony—liberty is life.

## LUMBER CONDITIONS IN IDAHO CAMPS

ST. MARIES, Idaho.—The I. W. W. is fast making headway in the lumber industry in the St. Maries country.

Sunday, June 18th, an organization meeting was held at Santa, Ida. There are five camps in the neighborhood of Santa; and there is a good sprinkling of I. W. W. men in these camps. These have been carrying on a constant propaganda for organization in the **One Big Union,** and the sentiment is very favorable to the I. W. W. Some days ago Fellow Worker Fred Melrose went into Cox Bros. camp and held an open meeting. He was well received and the men listened attentively to his talk on organization, and he disposed of a good amount of literature.

A meeting of the men from all the surrounding camps was called at Santa, Sunday afternoon. In spite of the fact that many men were fighting fire that day, the meeting was well attended. Over eighty men showed up, many of them having walked a distance of five miles. The meeting was opened with a short talk by Fred Melrose, who acted as chairman. James Rowan then spoke a half hour on organization; and was followed by Richard Brazier, who spoke on the necessity of working-class action.

The meeting was held in the open air and the crowd listened to the speakers with the closest attention.

At the close of the meeting, five men joined the union and many others signified their intention of doing so as soon as they could get the necessary funds.

The lumberjacks have come to realize that something must be done to change the rotten conditions that prevail in this industry; and that they themselves have to do it, as no one else is interested in their welfare.

The time is ripe now for strong and decisive action. Only by organization in the **One Big Union,** can the lumberjacks successfully combat the powerful and greedy lumber companies, which are piling up their millions, by working, robbing and starving the lumberjacks.

—Jas. Rowan.

### HELL OR IMPERIAL.

BRAWLEY, Cal.—A few words from the great industrial valley of cantaloupes, long hours and low wages! Yesterday two wobblies came in from Heber, four miles north of Calexico, reporting that three hundred pickers has gone out on strike and that their demands had been granted the same day. The strikers were not organized and there were only a few members of the I. W. W. on the job. The strike took place at Turlock Packing and Shipping Company's ranch, one of the largest in the valley. They were paying only 25 cents an hour and board, while the other ranches were paying 30 cents. The slaves only struck for 5 cents more an hour, although they could as easily have won 60 cents.

One of the reasons the scab-loving outfit gave in so suddenly was that there are truck loads of men being shipped in from San Diego, to take the place of the men who went on strike. If some live wires came down here there is a great opportunity this summer, as the cantaloupes must be picked immediately and a delay of a few days would mean the loss of thousands of dollars.

Last week forty-six slaves were hauled into Calexico from San Diego; and so intense was the heat that four died, and as many went insane. The conditions are so rotten that the average slave cannot work more than a few days. The food is generally poor, most of the cook shacks are in the open; and the hot sun beats down on the workers so hard they are dripping with sweat at the tables. Each worker has to carry water which has been brought in open ditches over ninety miles and is loaded with Selto.

Bunkhouses are unheard of on this kind of work in the valley, and the torture of working or trying to sleep under the climatic and working conditions here can only be appreciated by those who have been in Hell or in Imperial Valley.—Allen Mayer.

Fellow Worker Frank Watson, writing from Osawatonie, Kans., says men are scarce in the harvest belt, and that it is now certain that the farmers will have to meet the demands of the I. W. W. He says the outlook for wobblyism is better than he has ever seen anywhere before.

# INDUSTRIAL WORKER

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J. A. MAC DONALD, EDITOR

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CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD.
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GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD.
M. J. Welch, A. C. Christ, Francis Miller, W. E. Mattingly, F. H. Little.

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## WAR

War! War with Mexico! It is the fruition of damnable conspiracies and deep intrigues conceived in the hellish greed of money kings, social pirates, munition makers and patriots of airy valor. War on land, on water and in air—all the products of civilization worshiping the skeleton of death! When Milton portrayed the fallen angels, storming the gates of Heaven, it had in it nothing to compare with the buzzard feast of death being laid out on the stage of modern Mexico. Satan himself is outdone by the capitalism of America.

Murder on a scale unapproachable in any age; murder at which a Nero, singing amid the glare of a burning Rome, would have stood aghast. And why? To perpetuate a system of human slavery.

To war, you butcher of Ludlow! you who fired the miners dwellings of West Virginia, you veterans of the Copper Trust of Butte and Calumet!

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation, arise, ye wretched of the earth! Arise ye dwellers in slums, you do not own—driven to the cess-pools of life, that others might live in palaces—boiling suns, gory fields, ghastly blood-dripping wounds, shattered brains and useless death await you in Mexico! Your masters have spoken! Obey!

The dwellers of the palaces will not fight for their palaces! Workers, fight for your slavery, your slums! Fight for your jails and penitentiaries! Fight for the vagrancy of the men of the working-class! Fight for the prostitution of the women of the working-class! Fight that children may be in the shops, denied a childhood; fight for baby graves and potter's fields!

Fight unknowing and unthinking, as slaves have always fought! Die as freemen would refuse to die—for your own slavery!

How long will these saturnalias of blood endure? How long will capitalism, a hideous dragon, swimming in the oceans of blood it has created—gnashing the bones of children, murdering the charms of womanhood, demanding its death feasts of blood—endure?

How long will workers worship at the shrine of their own degradation, making potent the forces for their own murder; willingly sacrifice themselves on the altars of Gold and Blood—master class gold and workers' blood!

How long will murder crazed plutocracies and social pirates lay the skeletons of their murdered victims at the feet of civilization? How long will they lay the corpses of thousands, millions of workers, in the name of Christ on the altars of a Christ who said, "Blessed are the peace makers."

Give your civilization, your humanity, your christianity the lie; then—**Go.** If you want war, its buzzard covered fields, its carrion, its groans, its dismembered bodies, its human stench, its blood, its murder; then **go. Go** to the accursed death feast of your war of loot, rape and revenge! Go, Politician, Plute, Money King, Kid Glove Vandal, and Polished Pirate into the central hell vortex your money-lust created.

Go, with the blessing of the working class you have betrayed, robbed, looted and murdered. Go with you hireling war-manufacturers of the press, with your politicians, and the other degenerate products of your system of slavery; enjoy the agonies, feel the pangs, suffer the death the workers have for ages suffered.

## "TRAITOR"—THANK YOU!

Those who do not wish to go to war, not to murder, simply to kill Mexicans—we are told there is a difference, although we doubt whether the Mexican victim would draw any fine distinction; we would not—are being called some nice names.

We have been called traitors recently, and investigated the meaning of the word. Our hump is in front now, instead of behind, where the militiaman wears his. We have an enormous chest expansion. We found that heroes are successful traitors, that a traitor is a hero, who has not yet made his dream come true. We discovered this, the traitors of one age are the great men of the next.

For example, we can imagine the yell of traitor raised by some of the Jerusalem rabbies when they heard Christ preaching a revolution of the manners and customs of the Hebrew race. In fact Christ was crucified as a double traitor, first to the Jewish religion, second to the Roman Empire.

We can imagine George Washington, when he, with other revolutionists, advocated the overthrow of the government, being called a traitor by his neighbors.

When Patrick Henry got excited and said, "Give me liberty, or give me death," he was called a traitor. To be absolutely respectable—that is conservative—he should have waved the flag of his country—Great Britain—and said, "What's the matter with you damned anarchists? The British flag was good enough for father, and it's good enough for me, by jingo."

The American Republic was ushered in by a bunch of traitors to Great Britain, who won and became heroes. The Declaration of Independence is a great historic document, announcing the rights of peoples to become traitors to one government, in order to institute another.

Blot from history the names of those who have had "traitor" applied to them; there is left only a bunch of dead-ones, always piking along, ten to ten thousand years behind the van of human progress.

The murder-mad militarists are merely looking down on the radical from the evolutionary period that preceded the monkeys. We are putting them this far back, realizing the monkeys would hate to accept them as ancestors. They would certainly refuse to recognize them, as descendants.

## INITIATIVE.

One of the greatest arguments of the apologists of capitalism—they cannot defend, merely apologize—is that it gives the worker initiative. Initiative, of the kind they refer to, is what fleas are to a dog.

If a sack of oats were tied on a steel rod which was passed through the hames, and tied to the back pad on a mule, so the oats would be three feet in front of the mule's head, the oats would be the mule's initiative. Either a mule or a worker could starve to death on initiative. If initiative is so good, we are willing to let the apologists and the capitalists have it.

The initiative the worker most needs is not the initiative forced upon him by his hunger and poverty, which keeps him moving in an infernal circle of disaster and labor, not resulting in his betterment, like a squirrel in a tread mill; but the initiative to refuse to live on initiative, and the initiative to make their refusal stick, through organization.

To say that capitalism is good for the workers is the same as saying that lice are good for workers. There is nothing that gives a man more initiative than a bunch of these pesky vermin. But there, the only initiative that promises any permanent relief is the initiative to boil-up. What modern industry needs is an industrial boiling-up to get rid of vermin, parasites and useless industrial lice. Put them in the boiling-up can of working class organization, put the fuel of education into the fires of discontent and watch the waters of solidarity clean the dirty linen of industrial autocracy.

Industry is sure crummy; let's boil up.

## INSURANCE AGAINST HUNGER.

Some workers say, "It can't be done." We think it was Napoleon who said impossible was a word to be found only in the dictionary of fools.

Labor, organized on a basis of slavery, has done greater things than the taking over of the things labor has created. It built the cities, tunnelled the mountains, reclaimed the deserts, mastered the forces of land and air and water, for human necessities. Either the workers will have to do this thing that some **say** "can't be done," or do something else more difficult—starve to death—as with the development of the machine throwing more and more of the workers out of employment, with unemployment meaning hunger, capitalism is telling the workers in unmistakable terms: Organize or starve. Which is easier? Organizing in the I. W. W. is the easy way, as it cuts the hours, raises the wages and makes life more easy and more possible. The I. W. W. is the worker's greatest insurance against hunger.

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Our greatest enemies are those who approve of our struggle for life and freedom and yet lack the manhood to get into the fight. We can admire the man who is against us through lack of knowledge. Understanding the I. W. W. he would—if a worker—be as strongly for us. The I. W. W. is not an object of sympathy. Save it for yourself and the boss. You will both need it when the fighting part of the workers get where they belong—in the I. W. W.

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The Mexicans are reported to be without ammunition. Our munition trust patriots on this side will quickly cure that, if the Mexicans have the money. **Our** soldiers, accent on the "our," please—will be fed American beans, American embalmed beef and American bullets out of guns made in America. Good business.

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On the Pacific Coast the longshoremen are fighting for a dollar an hour for all overtime. Down in Mexico other workers are fighting for 50 cents a day. Who's a fool? We don't think it's the longshoremen.

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The I. W. W.s—The I want wars—of the master class and the I. W. W. of the working class—The I Want Wages—are both from present indications going to Mexico at about the same time.

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Janitors are far more important than senators. When the janitors, and other workers realize their social value they will quickly show the senators their worthlessness.

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The editor of the Worker is going to war. Not right away, but when the people who own the country have all died for it.

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"War is Hell." We will not argue the point. Why the hell go to Hell.

## NEWS AND VIEWS.

Does the working class eat as good meals on Sunday as Billy Sunday does on Monday?—O'Connell.

* * *

The harvest stiff harvests the wheat so the world may eat; and goes hungry most of the time.—O'Connell.

* * *

The I. W. W. is picking up. Soon it will be able to pick up the capitalist system and throw it on the junk pile.

* * *

Intellectual honesty is the basis of all true morals. No morality is possible that springs from ignorance.—Confusius.

* * *

The worker is emmense. It is more exhilarating than wine, and redder than the flames of Hell.—Jack Cherbo.

* * *

Joe Hill said, "Don't mourn. Organize." The I. W. W. is doing that and the bosses are doing the worrying.—Wm. Tyson.

* * *

The advertisements say, "See America First." See the I. W. W. first and you will soon be able to see America best.—Wm. Tyson.

* * *

"The Divina Commedia", by Dante, is a positively revolting word picture of hell—to which congenial environment all Labor traitors are hereby consigned. —Direct Action.

* * *

How many members has the I. W. W.?—Well the **Worker** wants that many correspondents and the same number of sub hustlers. Some men say: "I could not write for a paper." Send in an article to the ***Worker*** on straight Industrial Unionism and see whether that is **true or not.**

* * *

A fellow worker wants to know whether the Y. M. C. A. (young monkeys, carefully assorted) was started by a party by the name of Oscar. We could not give even a wild guess. The question has been referred to Fellow Worker B. E. Neilsson, of the Portland Locals, for an answer.

* * *

Dad: Willie, that lawyer Jones is a smart fellow.

Willie: Yes, dad, lawyer Jones has learned to think for himself and his class, while you have learned to slave for him and his class. Let us two start thinking for ourselves, and our class.—Wm. Tyson.

* * *

There are only two rules for writing stuff for the **Industrial Worker.** First—Have something to say on Industrial Unionism. Second—Say it, on paper, as clearly as you can, as simply as you can and as forcibly as you can; don't call anyone a prevaricator, we all know the meaning of liar.

* * *

Caldwell, Kansas, has, according to Kansas papers, solved the unemployed problem with a rock pile. Fine! When the I. W. W. gets strong enough we can form a chain gang of policemen, stool pigeons and undesirable citizens and have them break the rock they have already furnished.

* * *

A New York newspaper has started a subscription of ten cents each from little children to be used in the construction of a dreadnought. It would be more feasible and equally civilized to use the money in buying small pistols for a few children in each locality so they could shoot one another.

* * *

A Connecticut preacher has resigned to go to work in a munition factory. To be consistent all preachers who are in favor of the murder of war should do likewise. The only difference between many of them and Judas is that Judas finding he had betrayed the Christ went and hanged himself.

* * *

He barracks for the other chap
To go abroad and slay;
He does not care a blooming rap
For any other way—
Does ev'rything to help the "scrap,"
EXCEPT TO FIGHT AND PAY!
—Melbourne Labor Call.

* * *

Richard Brazier ending, a personal letter said: "Hoping to see you make the **Worker** a howling success, which you are certainly doing, as the last issue was exceptionally fine, and the sales here were phenomenal."

Fellow Worker Brazier sent in a howling donation, also some subs and news. If the **Worker** becomes a howling success, it will not be the editor, but the whole howling I. W. W. bunch, all working together, that will make that success.

* * *

If this is a universe in which babies aren't welcome and can't be cared for let us sit down and pray for a comet, square in the heart of the world.—S. F. Bulletin.

It is just that kind of a universe. Soon the comet of working class organization will be able to change this condition and the workers can put the "welcome sign" out for babies—a welcome not to misery, injustice and neglect, but to life and enjoyment.

* * *

There is going to be a surprise sprung on the bosses of the Des Moines department stores as many of the girls are reading our papers regularly. —C. D. Van Nostrand.

### *THE DIFFERENCE IN A. B. C.*

| Mr. Block: | I. W. W.: |
|---|---|
| A—America | A—America |
| B—Best | B—Bosses |
| C—Country | C—Country |

—Press Committee, Son Jose.

## LOS ANGELES NEWS.

LOS ANGELIS, Cal.:—Eighty thousand Industrial Workers of the World are on the way from central Mexico to the border to try and prevent war between that country and the U. S.

* * *

Preparation has caused a breaking up in the radical camp. Sam Atkinson, who came here from Seattle and has taken charge of the Liberal Club, delivered a series of lectures for a film concern on preparedness and the liberals became highly incensed at Sam. Now the result is that Sammy will close his "pastorate" June 25th.

* * *

At all of the Magon meetings Sam was one of the indispensable speakers. At the May Day celebration Sam occupied the centers of the "spot light." Sam afterwards delivered a preparedness speech and at the next meeting held for the Magoners, Sam was "scratched."

S. E. Kirk, attorney for the Magons, is commander of the Spanish War Veterans. Some time back at the Socialist forum, Kirk delivered a speech in favor of preparedness. This was known to all the "reds," yet Kirk was engaged as counsel for the Magons. Kirk led a division in the preparedness parade and was "scratched" at the last Magon meeting. Kismet.

* * *

The longshoremen's strike is being conducted in the usual A. F. of L. manner: riots, fights, and gun work. The workers are meeting the issue with the same blind courage that has dominated them in every struggle against capitalism. The "scabs" are being beat up; and warrants are sworn out for them, whenever the union workers can find one of them armed. The business interests have asked for protection and the chief of police has responded with 200 extra police.

No use trying to teach them to stay on the job with their mascot, the "sabcat." Many boats leave shore, but who can tell when they will return, if ever?

* * *

The approach of war with Mexico has caused all of the "tin Billies" to don uniforms and their conquest of the "skirts" grows apace. A "skirt" who has not at least a tenth interest in a "tin Billie" is considered a "dead one." From all indications the larger part of the recruits will have to be taken to the front on stretchers—unless their officers wake up to the deadliness of the "female of the species."

Yours in the fight.
BILL B. COOK.

## IT MUST BE DONE.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—On the waterfront here the conditions are terrible. I have worked on sugar ships, next to cement and fertilizer, perhaps the hardest kind of longshoreing. We were getting 40 cents an hour, and the boss got a dollar an hour out of our hides. The bosses have a speed-up system of their own. The men have to put out so many sacks an hour, or they will not get work on the next boat that lands.

The boss is a member of the same union—The Stevedores' and Longshoremen's Benevolent Society—benevolent to the bosses—and they charge the sum of $2.00 to join; $1.00 for a badge; $1.00 for the crape hanger, (the doctor) and other little payments all benevolent.

The trucks weigh 250 pounds each, and they put on a half-ton load at a time. The human mules do not kick. I talked the **One Big Union** to them and they told me "It can't be done." I cited Philadelphia and they said it might be possible in Philadelphia, but not in New Orleans. That is true till the men who do this terrible work start using their heads.
—O. J. H.

## A GOOD IDEA.

SENECA, S. D.—The farmers here are all buying automobiles and tractors, on the strength of the big crops this season. This means that the workers will be able to ride to the job in automobiles, even if they will have to walk back.

I have been reading a great deal on preparedness in the last month and have thought up a good scheme. What is the matter with the bosses taking all the forts from the middle west, where they would surely not need to be used against any enemy, with the exception of the American working class and putting them up again on the Pacific Coast. Then they could fill them with soldiers and when the soldiers are not busy killing people the bosses could use them as strike breakers, thus keeping them useful and earning their board for the masters all, instead of part of, the time.
—Jack Beaton.

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A visitor from Mars would marvel at the front pages of the daily newspapers nowadays. The same writers who express such keen anxiety over the lives of a few men, at the South Pole, exultingly gloat over the invention of new implements of slaughter for Europe.
—Direct Action.

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The *Industrial Worker* would like more articles on I. W. W. preparedness.—Preparedness to fight the boss through organization on the job, and to fight capitalist preparedness through job action. Every letter bearing on straight Industrial Unionism will be printed, at least in part.

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There is mail at local 174, Oakland, Cal. for the following: B. E. Meredith, Charles Devlin, J. H. Waldorf, Harry Lenox, E. De Santis, Mrs. Macy, H. M. Stern, Allen Mayer.—E. C. Plunkett, secretary, 338 5th St.

CLES NEWS.

Cal.:—Eighty thousand
f the World are on the
exico to the border to
between that country

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used a breaking up in
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BILL B. COOK.

BE DONE.

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—Jack Beaton.

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—Direct Action.

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al 174, Oakland, Cal.
E. Meredith, Charles
Harry Lenox, E. De
H. M. Stern, Allen
secretary, 338 5th St.

## WHY MEXICAN WAR?

As I am writing war is about to be declared with Mexico. Any workingman, with brains, of course, knew this would be the end of the game of the almighty dollar. War between this country and Mexico is only another, of the many results, of the European war. It was not only the German Bismarck who believed in striking while his enemies had their hands full, quarrelling against one another. The American capitalists believe in the same policy. Germany and England are too busy killing each other to pay any attention to the grabbing of Mexican territory and markets. So now Hearst, Rockefeller and the rest of the American plunderbund step in very neatly to steal Mexico from the Mexican people.

Then, of course, there are your American munition and gun capitalists such as the Bethlehem Steel Works and the Dupont Powder Trust, who have built many new plants since the European slaughter has been in progress, living only through the death of millions of toilers in the old countries. The European war is not going to last forever; and the plunderbund in this country knows it. As soon as peace is declared these munition vultures will be casting greedy looks around them for somebody to whom they can peddle their cheap sabotaged murder material at exorbitant prices. And whom can they unload their junk on to better advantage than on the U. S. Government, all, of course, in the name of patriotism. Therefore war with Mexico, by any and all means, fair or foul.

Expeditions are now started to take revenge for what is supposed to be a plot on the part of the Mexicans when, in crossing the U. S. border, they slaughterd a score of Americans! A plot, which, for all we know, may be a treacherous conspiracy on the part of the land-grabbing munition-selling, capitalistic parasites of this country.

But what matters human life, when there are dollars to be made? Let us remember the Maine, and the lives of the sailors that were destroyed, in order that a pretext for war could be had. Sure, people's prejudices and superstitions must be aroused either through acts, as above referred to, through preparedness parades or if those tactics should fail, then influence their ever-receptive minds through the lying, slandering capitalistic press.

Witness how the capitalistic press has been slandering the Mexicans lately. But, as I said already, workingmen with brains are wise to the game. Such workers cannot be fooled by nice posters showing handsome U. S. soldiers in trim shining uniforms, neither can they be fooled by a picture such as appeared in one of the Des Moines papers: a picture showing U. S. soldiers putting it over "defenseless" Mexicans, who are seen standing around a gun with hands raised high in the air as a token of surrender, while their rifles and munitions are lying at their feet.

Beware you blockhead workingmen: War is hell on earth. That's what the European workers found out, after they had been told by the capitalist that they were going to hold picnics in Paris and Berlin; on froglegs in Berlin and on sauerkraut and sow belly in Paris.

War with Mexico will be no picnic for tin soldiers, because the Mexicans are a born race of fighters. But to hell with the blockhead workingmen anyway! If they want to go into Mexico, let them go! They'll only leave their jobs, to be taken by the deserving class-conscious workers, at home. We will then have a much to be desired clean up. The numbers of the latter are increasing all the time. The preparedness parades in the big cities have shown it. Capitalists in this city, for instance, are complaining that hardly any out of those, who participated in the parade here, came to apply for a butcher's job in the National Guard. Only six out of four thousand paraders joined. (Sic him.) That's the way to do it. Workers, wake up! War is hell. If your masters want war, let them go to hell—where they belong.—Jack Gaveel.

## MYSELF AND TED.

De Kaiser of dis Faterland
Und Rosevelt all dings command—
Ve two und Gott, you understand—
Myself—und Ted.

It used to be yust Gott und me,
But Ted he come to make it dree.
And Gott don't count much latterly—
Yust me und Ted.

Yust me und Ted mit bower devine
To keep the rest of them in line—
In bease und var to giv der sign—
Und somedimes—Gott.

Myself and Ted der same as peas,
The same with Gott, if you should blease,
The same in var, the same in bease,
Myself—mit Ted.

Der eastern hemisphere for me—
For Ted the one across der sea—
For Gott der sky we will agree—
Myself mitt Ted.

A health ter me—a health ter Ted—
And one for God, alretty yet—
One holy trinitee, you bet,
Ve two—und Gott.

Dublin Bob Connellan wishes to hear from A. S. Hall, late secretary of the Stockton Local. Address: care *Industrial Worker.*

## AS WE PREDICTED.

(From Seattle Times.)

***"Where Are the Thousands That Marched June 10?"***

Somewhere between thirty-five and fifty thousand people marched through the streets of Seattle on a recent Saturday afternoon.

Where have they gone?

Between thirty-five and fifty thousand people placed themselves on record by their own physical efforts as being in favor of preparedness.

Who kidnapped them?

Thirty-five thousand—possibly more than fifty thousand people—were willing to do anything on earth for the defense of their country—were willing, Saturday afternoon, June 10th.

American soldiers have been slaughtered in battle by Mexicans. The whole shameful story of the previous border raids need not be repeated here, of course. War is upon us.

But where are those people of Seattle who were so willing to make brave parade on the afternoon of June 10th? They haven't come to the recruiting stations. They haven't shown up at the Armory.

Yet if the women, alone, who marched that day, would make an effort, the ranks of the Seattle battalion would be filled to overflowing before dark tomorrow night!

Thirty-five to fifty thousand people ready and willing to parade—not ten of them willing to enlist or persuade others to bear arms for America! What a showing!

The night before the preparedness demonstration, the writer, speaking before the University Club, said that more than 90 per cent of the men who would walk in the parade, would think, and probably freely say, that having gone on record by their presence in the ranks of marchers, they had done their share! So far as the National Guard was concerned, or bringing recruits to the colors in a national emergency, others could attend to that. They would be through.

Events have proved the truth of the assertion. Thirty-five to fifty thousand people marched in the preparedness parade.

Not ten of that number have raised a hand to enlist in the Guard in the present emergency or to persuade any other person to do so.

Thirty-five to fifty thousand were for defense on a sunny afternoon—yet on the stormy today two hundred and fifty men still are needed to fill the ranks of Seattle battalion.

Who has kidnapped our brave army of weather marchers?

—C. B. Blethen.

## TWO BUMS.

One rides on the rods beneath the car
And one on a cushioned chair.
The one is clad in poverty's rags,
The other doth broadcloth wear.
One eats a back-door charity lunch,
For lack of the price to pay;
The other is served by a waiter's skill,
In an up-to-date café.

The one sneaks into a concert dive,
For an hour's cheap fun and laughter;
The other a box at the opera has,
With wine and women after;
One sleeps in the hay or the best he may,
Who has no place to dwell;
The other has a suite of rooms,
In the city's best hotel.

The bum on the rods is hunted down,
As an enemy of mankind,
The other is driven around to the club
And feted and wined and dined
And those who curse the bum on the rods,
As the essence of all that's bad,
Meet the bum on the plush with a sycophant's smile
And extend the hand so glad;

The bum on the rods is a social flea,
That gets an occasional bite;
The bum on the plush is a social leech,
Blood-sucking by day and night;
The bum on the rods is a load so light,
That his weight we scarcely feel;
But it takes the labor of dozens of men,
To furnish the other a meal.

So long as you sanction the bum on the plush,
The other will always be there;
But rid yourself of the bum on the plush,
And the other will disappear,
Then make an intelligent organized kick,
And throw off the weights that crush,
Don't worry about the bum on the rods,
Get rid of the bum on the plush.

—W. E. Jones.

## THE PEACE MAKERS.

Idly turning the leaves of a book the other day, these words leapt at me from the printed page:

"And Jesus said, 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'"

I felt as though I had been struck a violent blow. The blood rushed into my face. A sense of moral indignity and physical pain for a moment overwhelmed me.

"Lying thing!" I cried, and flung down the book. —Melbourne Labor Call.

An indignant letter in a Sydney paper says:—"Soon the very soul of the property-owner will be in bondage." Its news that the average man of "proputty" has a soul. —Melbourne Labor Call.

Address all communications to Local 431 to Ed. Ross, Box 533, Eureka, Cal. Ed Ross, Secretary Pro-tem.

## DEADLY GAS.

By MARK HAM.

If humanity's patriotism were to be determined in its volume, by the hands, homes, good clothings, life giving foods, opportunity for intellectual development, and other things too numerous to mention, those things that serve to enrich and ennoble life, and make it really worth the living, which it possesses, methinks as patriots the capitalists should stand preeminent, and the workers by having this same law applied to them, in a like manner, should come forth purged of all patriotism.

* * *

If war is what Sherman said it was, and hell as frightful as St. Jack pictured it, the worker who likes it well enough to go into it, is either a fool, a damned brute, or both.

* * *

Quick, Watson, the needle! Allan L. Benson, presidential candidate of the Socialist Party, has just finished telling those two well-known citizens, Petty Parasite and Skin flint Farmer, that if they will just vote for him at the coming election, he will usher in the millennium, by suggesting to the congress of the United States, that it purchase of capitalism the public utilities of the nation. After handing the master class this staggering jolt he cools down and advocates every kind of bourgeois measure, from preparedness to pension laws. But what the working class wants to know is, who is going to pay the bill? If labor applied to nature is the sole producer of wealth, why the devil should it pay capitalism to enjoy its own creations?

And yet you will often run into folk who seem never to tire of accusing the S. P. of being Marxian economists and proletarian revolutionists.

* * *

For nineteen hundred and sixteen years our credulous Christian friends have been praying and waiting for Jesus, the hobo carpenter of Nazareth, to keep his word, by making a speedy return to earth, and giving this nasty old world such a clean up as they consider only he is capable of doing. Thus far he has not appeared. And is it any wonder when we take into consideration the fact that the last time he was here the tyrant class murdered him, for urging a universal brotherhood of man, and saying that no man shall eat bread who has not first produced bread in the sweat of his brow.

## WILL PAY THEIR SOLDIERS.

SALINA, Kansas.—In the Kansas City papers was an article, stating that many of the employers of labor had decided any of their employes who enlisted for the Mexican expedition would not only be guaranteed his old position when he came back, but that he will be paid in full while he is gone to defend his country. Among the list of firms were Montgomery Ward & Co., the Western Union, and many of the leading firms of the city.

Of course, it is understood, I suppose, that in the event of the expedition turning out to be real warfare instead of a "preparedness spring-training" stunt, that these men, regardless to what extent they are crippled will get their jobs back. (?) Also, if the men who take the jobs now, go on strike, and secure a raise in wages, that the returning heroes shall also benefit by same. (?)

It is not so many years ago that employers were fined because their men lost their jobs after attending the annual training at the different camps of the militia. The boss can't see so far ahead after all.

F. C. HANLEY.

## SOMETHING GOOD COMING.

Editor, Industrial Worker:—

I received your letter, after considerable delay, as it followed me from place to place. I am very glad you are on the paper; it has improved steadily and is a splendid voice from the West, now.

I will try to write something now, that I am home for a couple of weeks' rest. I caught a bad cold in the Scranton district and had to stop speaking for a few days at lest, but am returning on July 4th.

We have fourteen locals, among the anthracite workers, who are thoroughly disgusted with the recent contract made by the United Mine Workers. They got 7 per cent for four years, whereas the unorganized steel workers get 10 per cent, and the textile barons in New England—who fear the I. W. W.—gave 10 per cent. At least 52,000 miners are in open rebellion against the contract in the Pittsburg district: and we hope the fires of revolt will spread. Ettor is returning there now. You know, I suppose, he had the cops in Lawrence arrested for kidnapping, and they have been indicted by the grand jury. The case comes up early in July.

Forty-tow thousand garment workers are locked out here by the Clothing Manufacturers' Association, and refuse to have any more protocols. The protocol was a fine instrument to kill the spirit in the union; now it has done its work. They discard it like a "scrap of paper."

Well, I'll not try to write an article now, but will soon, I assure you. Best wishes to all.

E. G. FLYNN.

Job the jobless, the masters yell,
On to Mexico; shot and shell!
Ish ka bibble: To Hell, to Hell.
They wouldn't organize; farewell, farewell.
—Press Committee, San Jose.

## FREE SPEECH.

By M. SAWTELL.

When we speak or write for free speech we stand in the presence of the illustrious dead.

We stand with every great and noble soul, who has tried to strip the veil of ignorance and superstition from the eyes of his fellowman.

We stand with the Socrates, the Christs, the Brunos, the Galileos, the Tom Paines, the Ingersolls, the Chicago Martyrs, and the Joe Hills of all ages.

We of the I. W. W., because we are rational and intelligent men, demand the right of free speech and assembly for all.

Because we are rebels, we will take the right of free speech for the working class, in spite of whatever the master class may do.

After '91 the workers had high hopes; now, they said, "We will elect our own politicians, and then no more jailing of strikers, and, above all, free speech."

A Federal Labor Government was elected. But still the old game of persecuting the working class speakers goes on.

We of the I. W. W. understand why. It is because of the class struggle, and it is our mission in life to explain this to our fellow-workingmen.

However much the eloquence or logic of agitators may fail to convince the workers of the class struggle, then the more convincing argument of injunctions, jailings and police batons may do so. Whoever dares to speak or write against the existing order of society must be prepared to receive the terrible venom of the master class; and if we are wise and understand the class struggle, we would not have it otherwise. Many great artists, great poets, and great authors, have claimed to have been inspired with great and new and lofty ideals.

We, too, of the I. W. W. are also inspired. We are inspired with the spirit of working class rebellion.

We, also, shall write of our hopes and ideals, but what is more, we shall organize a state of society in which all men shall have the right to speak that which they consider to be true.

Socrates, Joan D'Arc and Swedenborg heard, and were urged on by the "voices."

We, too, of the I. W. W. hear "voices." We hear the cries of our class, the moaning of the child slave, the anguish of the starving mother, the groans of strong men and strikers beaten back to work, and the racking cough of the miner as he coughs away his lungs, laden with the master's dust.

We feel and know the wrongs of our class, the wrongs of these things, we shall write and speak in spite of Hell; of these things, we shall be heard in spite of the master class and all their Labor Governments.

If the I. W. W. is wrong, why don't our masters, these persons who claim to have superior education, refute our arguments!

We have read history. The Law, the State and the Church have always used the stake, the rack, the jail and the police baton as their final answer. However, "there will come a time some day when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

—Direct Action (Australia).

## WHICH IS IT?

Some are proud of me. Some have studied my progress. I am unhealthy; I injure both body and mind. I make life an economic death struggle for all mankind. Railways, mines and factories are a part of me. I did not build these; they are the work of my slaves.

I have siege guns, machine guns and battleships; these I did not build; they are the handiwork of my slaves.

Workers make machines according to my dictates, and according to my dictates, with them murder each other.

At my commands costly parks, great cities and beautiful mansions have the workers built, but imperative is my command, that they who build shall not enjoy.

I have no regard for men's morals or the virtues of women; I encourage all forms of prostitution.

I have no taste for "natural" beauty; I supply drug stores with car loads of my own.

It pleases me to see the poor in huts, that the rich may live in mansions.

I like to see the poor do much obeying—and little thinking.

I know nothing of worlds, other than this, which I curse; but I like to encourage the workers to wait for the product of their toil in some other world.

I encourage the women of the workers to reproduce in toil and tears, that my machine guns may never lack a target.

Water I do not use as a beaverage; I drink blood. I am Savagery; but fools call me Civilization.—H. Peters.

WANTED—To know the whereabouts of Dick West, who has not been heard from since 1914. Write your friends.

Will S. St. John, No. 188461, and Joe Perrault No. 197159, please communicate with John Parrish, secretary 603, Box 571, Webb City, Mo. Very important.

The Cleveland Propoganda League of the I. W. W. wants the services of a good organizer, and wishes any competent man who would be willing to go to Cleveland to communicate with the Secretary, W. H. Holliday, 226 Champlain Street. There is no doubt but good work can be done there at the present time, according to the Secretary, and they can make a good offer for the services of a good man.

You are doing fine; the last issue is a humdinger. —James Rowan.

## OUR PRINCIPLES.

**The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.**

**Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.**

**We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allow one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.**

**These conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.**

**Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."**

**It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.**

## OUTCLASSED.

The devil sat by the lake of fire, on a pile of sulphur kegs; His head was bowed upon his chest, his tail between his legs. A look of shame was on his face, the sparks dripped from his eyes—He had sent his resignation to the throne up in the skies.

"I'm down and out!" the Devil said—he said it with a sob, "There are others that outclass me, and I want to quit my job; Hell isn't in it with the land that lies along the Rhine; I'm a has-been, old and rusty, and therefore I resign.

"One ammunition maker, with his bloody shot and shell, knows more about damnation, than all the imps of Hell. Give my job to Kaiser William, or to the Russian Czar, Asquith, or J. P. Morgan, or some such man of war." —Rip Saw.


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# STEEL TRUST GUN-MEN TAKE WORKER'S BLOOD.

## Courts Grinding out Sentences for Strikers; Murderer Still at Large; Killing but Makes Sixteen Thousand Strikers More Determined; Minnesota Iron Mines Closed Tight; Strike Spreading; Call for Organizers and Funds.

Every mine on the Mesaba and Iron Range is closed, in the gigantic and significant grapple of the workers against the Steel Trust, entrenched for years in its monopoly of steel and its steals from the workers.

The miners of Northern Minnesota are determined. Now is the time, when, all members and those who believe in the ultimate triumph of the working class, must put into action our fighting and winning motto: *"An injury to one is an injury to all."*

This great strike which will—if victorious—leave the I. W. W. dominating the great basic steel industry, is dependent on the immediate support of the entire membership.

The capitalist press knows that publicity for the strike means a tremendous boost. They have learned since Paterson, and are silent.

This strike is a greater key to industrial control than Paterson. It is a great forward step, in the movement of the workers, toward the ultimate goal of Industrial Freedom.

The strikers want you help; *cents now mean more than dollars later on.* Strikers have already been shot, where men have given their life, *the I. W. W. wants you to do your share.*

Hold meetings. Collect funds. Stage demonstrations! The fighting strength of the I. W. W. is being tested in Northern Minnesota. It was not found wanting in Lawrence or Paterson. It will not be found wanting in Northern Minnesota.

The organization needs its every member to do his and her utmost.

Today it is the I. W. W. miners of Northern Minnesota; tomorrow *it may be you.*

*Quick action is absolutely necessary!*

Send all funds to W. D. Haywood, 164 W. Washington Street, Chicago, or Walter T. Nef, Secretary Pro-tem, National Industrial Union of Mine Workers, 232 Cedar Avenue, Minneapolis.

## NEWS FROM INDUSTRIAL BATTLEFIELD

(*Special wire to the "Industrial Worker."*)

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 28th, 1:10 p. m.—Sixteen thousand miners are now on strike, and it is still spreading. The mines of Mesaba and Iron Range are closed down tight. Michigan miners are going out. The docks of Duluth are also going to strike soon, according to present indications. Organizers are needed: send your name to W. D. Haywood. This will be the most important strike in the history of the I. W. W. Rush funds to W. D. Haywood.

—Walter T. Nef.

(*Special to "Industrial Worker."*)

VIRGINIA, Minn.:—The miners of the Mesaba and Iron Ranges are now fighting for their very lives, and the hovels they calls homes.

Already the Steel Trust has had fifteen workers imprisoned and one has been murdered. This territory is no longer under the laws of the United States. It is under the rule of the Steel Trust. Gun-men—men who would sell their mother for a drink of whiskey—are the virtual judges, juries and executioners. Private detectives are common as lice. All the mining companies have regiments of them warring against the workers, and given every governmental protection, under laws that deem property of far more value than human life.

Fifteen members of the I. W. W. have been arrested for unlawful assemblage, while the Steel Trust can have all the gun-men it wants, armed with guns.

Fellow Worker John Allar was shot and killed by a gun-man employed by the Oliver Mining Company, a part of the Steel Trust. Fellow Worker Allar was standing on the road that leads to the mines, when a number of the gun-men came along and ordered the men to move on. They did not move fast enough to suit these paid assassins, and they shot at the strikers. At the first volley the Fellow Worker fell, shot through the body once, and twice through the head.

John Allar, murdered needlessly and ruthlessly, cooly as no beast of the jungle, infinitely superior to gun-men, kills, died saying: "My goodness, my poor wife and children."

Paul Allar, an uncle, gives the following statement:

"John did not shoot at all when the gun-men came after him. He hollered: 'Don't shoot me'; and right after that he received the shots that caused his death. I ran away, and on hearing the third shot, I turned around and saw that the policeman had shot three times more at John, while he was laying on the ground."

Frank Cornjeck, who was standing near the Fellow Worker, when he was shot said that he saw one of the gun-men shoot at John. I was fifty feet away when the murder was committed. I saw a gun-man jump out of an auto, and as he went up the street, he drew his gun and immediately began to shoot, firing into the the boys standing on the street.

A woman, living near there said, that she saw the gun-man start the shooting and murder of John Allar.

Winset Elias, a small shop-keeper, near where the shooting occurred, who was also shot, but not fatally, said he saw some men going up the street, very peacably. When they came to Third St., gun-men came and shouted to the strikers, I heard shots fired, and then I saw Allar shot, and felt a pain in my stomach, and fell on the ground.

A large number of the members of the I. W. W. have been over to the home of the widow of our murdered fellow worker. We found there three of the loveliest children made fatherless by the grasping, murderous greed of capitalism. The children are: one six years, one three years, and one three months old.

The miners are more determined than ever that they will show the fellow worker did not die in vain. They are mourning and organizing to make the conditions that caused the fellow worker's death forever impossible.

All mines in this district are now tied up, and Organizers Sam Scarlett, Carlo Tresca, Joe Schmitt, James Gilday, Arthur Boose, H. C. Walton, Frank Russell, Veno Wessman, Leonard Allgren, G. E. Andreytechin and others are busy night and day.

Secretaries are working continually, making out cards and filing records, and even on this there is a long line of miners waiting. Over four thousand miners have joined outside of those at Hibbing and Chisholm. These two came out Saturday and most of the seven thousand miners have also joined, but the reports are not fully in yet.

There are about 16,000 miners involved.

The following fellow workers have been found guilty of unlawful assemblage: Arthur Boose, Joe Greeni, Arvi Lehtotonen, Eleia Seppanen, and R. B. Clocker.

Funds are very badly needed; the very life of the *One Big Union* is in a great measure dependent on the response.

The funeral of Felow Worker Allar, the latest martyr to the cause of the working class, was held here, Sunday, at 10 a. m., and attended by miners from the entire strike area.

No compromise and no retreat is the motto of every striker. There is a splendid spirit of solidarity among the strikers. They are mourning and organizing with an invincible determination to win.

—*Press Committee.*

## I. W. W.S HAVE AMUSING TIME AT HAYS

HAYS, Kansas.—The unorganized are becoming the organized in bunches now; and the numbers coming in will be greatly increased when we get on the job and get some money. It is being generally understood here that our demands will be granted in the harvest fields this year.

A state normal school is being built here, on which the men are unorganized and belong to the Mr. Block variety. A few days ago some of them, however, became rebellious and called for the delegates of the I. W. W. Fellow Worker Ratti was on the ground immediately. They wanted the support of the membership of the I. W. W. in the event that they went on strike, for a raise of 10 cents an hour. They promised to line up in the I. W. W. as soon as they were paid. The men who were waiting on the stone cutters, went out and the cutters, good union men, handled their own stone.

The strikers told Fellow Worker Ratti that it would be easy to pull out the laborers on the main building that noon. Fellow Worker Ratti had to go uptown meantime, and was immediately grabbed by the village cut-up. Our members went on the picket line, but found themselves in the common position of those who try to take up the fight of the unorganized. The strikers had all departed. Soon an auto loaded with fertilizer; that is bulls and stool pigeons, arrived on the scene.

I was appointed spokesman for the membership present. The officers asked what we meant by making this demonstration. Our answer was to ask why Fellow Worker Ratti was arrested. The party who was doing the talking said he was the county attorney and was not familiar with the case, but would call the marshall who had made the arrest. When we asked him the same question his reply was:

"I but heem in chail f'r spekin' pack to won officeer."

"Didn't you put him in jail at the request of the contractor."

"The gundraktor mitt dott haf nuddings to do."

Here the county attorney broke in to ask whether Fellow Worker Ratti was a citizen of the United States.

We answered in the affirmative; and asked him if the marshal was.

The bunch withdrew and offered Fellow Worker Ratti his release if he would leave town. He told them—"No."

We sent a committee composed of Baker, Reitman and myself to the Court House to see the county officials.

Here the conference took on the aspect of an investigation of Industrial Unionism instead of discussing the release of Ratti. After two hours of propaganda meeting, we finally got a decision in favor of Solidarity, and Fellow Worker Ratti was released.

This story will suggest to the workers everywhere the reason why the I. W. W. cannot afford to try to help men, unless they first line up to help themselves.

—A. George Jensen.

## A SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—Why, yes! the entertainment was a success. It was predicted it would be a failure. You see, conditions were not the most favorable for an affair of this kind. At this season of the year, our membership are practically out of town, on the job somewhere. Also any project has its critics, who are always ready to predict dire disaster to anything, no matter how beneficial, how well intended, so long as there is an element of chance, of anything of which they do not approve. But, you see, with all the roarers roaring, all the knockers knocking, all the pounders pounding, we went ahead, and success crowned our efforts.

You ask: did I see the parade for preparedness? Certainly I did! But which preparedness do you mean? I saw lots of preparedness the last few days. There was the preparedness meeting held by the local here, the other day, to disabuse the minds of the workers of foolish notions in regard to the preparedness of the capitalists—preparedness for war is Hell. Also there was the preparedness parade of the M. & M. in which the unprepared slaves were forced to march, because they were not prepared against it, as their boss held the strings to the money bags. But in the days to come the devil pity the bosses, their preparedness will make them totally unprepared and they will have to fall to their last resort—work—which has caused so many of them, when they got down to it, to shoot their worthless brains out.

But the biggest piece of preparedness was that smoker, with its sinews of war to keep our press militantly in the field and give the workers a line on their best interests, through showing them the principles of industrial unionism.—Ben Whitting.

"There is great praise here for the Worker."
— C. J. O'Donnell, Herrington, Kansas.

## WRIGHT EMPLOYED AS STOOL PIGEON

EUREKA, Cal.—It was unfortunate for Ben Wright that recently he drank, nearly to death. As a result we now have absolute evidence that he was a detective. Wright went to the hospital with the D. T.s; and Fellow Worker Ross took over the office of secretary. In Wright's mail was a letter enclosing ten dollars and speaking of the fact that Wright had not sent in a daily report for eight days. The letter also stated that Wright's application for $200 was held up for the time being, because it was reported that he was on a drunk. There was also a statement that Wright's report of the movement of two fellow workers at Dyerville had not been verified. "In regard to the fire, we are watching these two men."

Wright had been practically alone here for some time and the letter gives away a scheme on the part of these detectives to put over an arson charge on two fellow workers. When Wright found his mail had been opened, he skipped.

Wright had been active for some months before coming here around Sacramento, and a number of frame-ups have been pulled off in that section, resulting in sending some of the membership to the penitentiary. Ben Wright is six foot, weighs about 180 pounds, bald, clean shaven, light complexioned, grey eyed and about fifty years of age. He claims to have been a mining engineer in Tonopah and Goldfield.

Wright's captured correspondence gives away a great deal, and has been forwarded to William D. Haywood.

(Seal) PRESS COMMITTEE.

## 'BARONY RULED BY COSSACKS.'

The organization of working men and citizens of Lawrence, assembled in mass meeting in the dump this 11th day of June, 1916, to consider the illegal seizure of Joseph Ettor by certain city officials herewith submit the following considerations and resolves:

Whereas, Joseph J. Ettor entered Lawrence as any other alien or citizen of this country without any secrecy and publicly registered at a hotel as any other transient would do, and,

Whereas, there is no evidence that Joseph Ettor, while in Lawrence, either committed or threatened to comit any dismeanor, or to act contrary to the laws of the city, state or nation, while the officials who deported him make no claim that Ettor committed or threatened to commit any illegal acts while here, and,

Whereas, one of the fundamental rights of the citizen that has been incorporated in the State and Federal Constitutions of this country, and generally guaranteed in all English-speaking countries, is the immunity of the citizen from seizure by officers of the law while exercising his right to travel and rest at hotels, inns, and with friends, and,

Whereas, the seizure of the person of one who is exercising this elementary right of citizenship harks back to the days of absolutism, back to the time when the person could be seized upon at the caprice or whim of public officials and jailed without legal cause, therefore be it

Resolved, that we proclaim that Joseph Ettor has been the victim of a crime in his deportation from the city, and that the officials responsible for it are guilty of treason to their oath to impartially preserve the peace, and maintain the constitutional rights of citizens, and be it further

Resolved, that we view this illegal action not only as a crime against citizenship, but also as a blow aimed at the organized workers at Lawrence, Massachusetts, inspired if not ordered by those who exploit the men, women and children of our class with the view of cowing them into submission to low wages and long hours.

Resolved, that we urge all workingmen and decent citizens to protest against this outrage, as its continuance means the coming of a day when the exploiters of labor through their servile agents in public power, will transform Lawrence into a Russian Barony, ruled by the Cossack and physical force.

## ALL CRIMINAL LAWYERS!

An American, who was staying in Scotland for a little while recently, had need of legal assistance. So he went up to a sensible-looking man in the street and began: "Pardon me, sir, but are you a resident of this town?"

"Weel," was the cautious reply, "I've leeved here a matter o' fifty year."

"Ah! Then, perhaps, you can help me," went on the visitor. "I'm looking for a criminal lawyer. Have you one in this town."

The Scotsman dropped his voice to a confidential whisper as he answered: "We hae, but we hinna been able to prove it against him yet. He's owersharp."

## BELLINGHAM RESTLESS.

BELLINGHAM, Wash.—The mills are all running in this city, and are paying $2.00 and up a day. Most of the slaves are dissatisfied and small strikes are frequent. They all go out for a small increase of wages, and seem to forget that a permanent organization is necessary to get any great increase, and to hold what they do get. A few I. W. W. members, willing to get on the job and organize on the job, would be of the greatest value to the workers here. The writer and practically all the old timers here are blacklisted, what we need is new talent. Bellingham has always been known as the home of the self-satisfied slaves; but if some of the unrest that is evident here was crystalized into organization, it would be very effective. Of course it is going to be a hard job; but nothing is too hard for the I. W. W.

—F. A. Bicford.

## THE POLITICIAN.

By COVINGTON HALL

Behold the Politician, O my son!
He's Rabbi, Priest and Preacher, all in one.
He keeps his promises. His word is gold.
The People's rights he never yet hath sold.
His honor pledged, his platform wrought,
Regardless wars he for the ideal sought.
His lips deal only with the pearls of truth.
He breaks the chains that bind us, without ruth.
He waves HIS country's starry flag on high,
And calls US for the State and God to die.
(There's nothing he wont do to you and me.)
He makes the laws that set the workers free.
For us he lives. In us abides his faith.
Our vote to him's God's mandate. (SO HE SAITH.)

The Industrial Worker is willing to change the address to which you wish the paper sent every week.

## "NOT GUILTY."

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—The frame-up against Fellow Workers Gordon and Keesicker proved a rank failure. The charge against them was bank robbery and they proved conclusively, by numerous witnesses, that at the time of the robbery they were at a party at Rosedale.

There was practically no evidence for the prosecution. The officers who arrested them probably had their eye on the reward offered, and were living up to the police motto "Get your man, the right one, if you can; but get your man."

The judge on discovering the lack of evidence against them, immediately said, "Not guilty."—Wm. Chance.

Lincoln was right, you can't fool those I. W. W.s.—Press Committee, San Jose.